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somewhat limited) instinct for beauty which occasionally manifested itself.

Since then, I, reckless seafarer, restlessly searching for turbulent seas, have drifted far away from them, and have found in other ports other women with more self-sacrifice, brilliancy, pliability, of truer womanhood and a stronger sense of domestic and maternal duties.

Yet I still recall their beauty which revealed itself in my Spring of life, never to come again (I am not in the least sorry about it, but like Dewing's women I like sentimentality for poetry's sake), and still recognize their esthetic influence on our American civilization, for, like Dewing's art, they help to improve our tastes and manners, render our surroundings and costumes more decorative and picturesque, and our life softer and more agreeable, in one word more beautiful.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Dedicated to Miss Sadie Martinot.

Scene—To the left a half circular bench with a background of trimmed trees and bushes. To the right view on a French Park. Autumn leaves cover the ground. Twilight—It has rained all day; only in this parting hour the sun breaks through the clouds, as if it could not leave without a farewell.

ANTOINETTE.

(Enters; in black with a white flower in her hand; the leaves rustle under her feet.) Autumn Leaves! Autumn Leaves! Like spring blossoms, and summer foliage my poor, short life of youth has ended. One leaf after the other is falling and wasting away in the sad silence of this scene. Little, frail, white flower, you are all I could find in the desolate park, which, even in summer, mourns the splendor of by-gone years: its historical past; but you are rich, even in your autumnal garb, compared to the wanderer, who strolls along your lonesome walks. No flower blooms on the ruins of my pride and beauty! There is a wound that never heals and that at times some demoniacal power tears open to keener pain—unmerited pangs of disappointed love! I was born to brighten a peaceful home; I thought life a garden of pleasure under an azure sky, where, in rose and jasmine bowers, lovers whisper to the end of their days; but the hour came when my dreamy eyes opened, and the light hurt me, for the light of reality is harsh. Why did they not tell me that

heaven is up there, but that earth is here below. What will my earthly future be? Sad reveries, endless melodies of gray with shrill discords. Oh, that it is impossible to forget, that the heart feels too solitary all alone, and yet will never learn to trust again! I have to drag myself along the sombre background that time and fate will furnish, —for how many lonesome days? (Her tall and graceful figure stands sharply outlined against the sunset.)

THEODORE.

(Enters, in evening dress and opera cloak, sits down on the left end of the bench.) I have to rest a while. How my eyes ache. As if all the pains of the exhausted body thronged to the eyes, to rob them of the few sunbeams they are still granted to see. Bah, what a life is this; to beg one day after the other from approaching indomitable death. Why not cast myself once more, if but for a week, into the wanton arms of dissipation, lift high the overflowing cup, rake up or scatter gold with feverish hands, and whirl in dances until life and soul sink breathless to the ground, and here I sit quiet in this lonesome park. Is it the fear of yawning graves, rising skeletons and rotting corpses? The uncleanliness of death with its clavy, bony hands will reach me after all. No, I would rather dance over my open grave,—but it is something else! How shall I name it? A dread of living has come over me, an aversion for all the revelry of passion which youth deems beautiful. He who has tasted life, spits it out with a grimace like something nauseous. Fie, fie upon sports, clubs, balls, dinners, operas; fie upon women, friendship, love; fie upon the entire life of man from beginning to end! (Coughs.) Not even a woman's body without blemish has the power to awaken a strong desire within me. I have had many love affairs, mostly trivial and frivolous, a few cases of infatuation, perhaps; but in all the aim and end remained the same, the story ended as soon as my passionate desires were satisfied. They pass by me, those women whom I have met during my life, full of indifference, hate, contempt, pity, and among them there is not one who would remain with me to give me an assurance of affection, they all pass on, all, away into life, away to others. Oh, what a curse must rest upon my life, that it was never granted to me, not even for a short moment to enjoy a woman's love. (Muses. Antoinette has looked steadily at him.) It is as if some one were looking into my soul. (He turns; their glances met; in this scene they speak softly as if to themselves, making no gestures; only in their

facial expression and the general movement of the body do they betray that their thoughts are meant for each other.)

ANTOINETTE.

I know your past but too well. You broke every rose that you met on the road of life and wilfully steeped it in the mud; you never knew what happiness a poor little flower like this can radiate into the life of another being. But the bitter lines around your mouth and the painful inquiry of your eyes tell me that you are suffering. Vicious company, careless education, inborn desires may have ruined you. Who knows? You only felt that the fires of your passion had to be quenched, no matter how many eyes should redder for your sake, how many lips that offered themselves in girlish abandon should learn through your faithlessness to accept the kisses of all the world. But your wasted form betrays how severely you have been punished. I pardon you in the name of all my sisters whom you wronged.

THEODORE.

The glance of those dark, mysterious eyes, changing expression with every inward word, resembles the confession of a soul. It is as if all the sentiments and thoughts of my life were renovated in the depths of those eyes, which absorb my entire inner self. Unknown, nameless woman, whence did you acquire such power over me? I experience those soft vibrations which only a loving woman, can call forth in men, but of such purity as I have never felt before.

ANTOINETTE.

With the elegy of my life, with the broken flower of my maidenhood I would like to purify your wan- ing life, to elevate it to some higher sphere of thought and action. But what right have we to hope, we who are like buds called into life by the warmth of the last autumnal day and which needs must wither in the next night's frost!

THEODORE.

You are suffering through the fault of one like me, the self-same fault for which I suffer. Oh, could we but stand together at the abyss — remem- bering the best, beloved memories of our life — we would not grow faint. How selfish man is to the last! I would that thy loving hands caressed me in hours of pain, and assuaged the solemn sorrow of my premature decay. I would that you lavished upon me the endearments a mother might bestow on her only son.

ANTOINETTE.

To love, to love, is indeed the mission of a woman's life! Had we but met before it grew too late!

THEODORE.

(Painfully.) Would ours have been a different fate?

ANTOINETTE.

True enough.

BOTH.

It is much better so. But surely we have not met to be nothing to each other?

THEODORE.

What shall we do?

ANTOINETTE.

(Looks imploringly at him.)

THEODORE.

I understand, it would be a sacrilege to break this silence. We comprehend each other without the shining bubbles of human eloquence. Words are but sounds which would prove disharmonious in the symphony of our souls. What shall we do?

ANTOINETTE.

The past is passed.

THEODORE.

The present painful.

ANTOINETTE.

And the future without hope.

THEODORE.

Why then desire the fulfilment of a dream? Let us part.

ANTOINETTE.

No, let us enjoy what is granted to us.

THEODORE.

(Looks inquiringly at her.)

ANTOINETTE.

Let us forget past, present and future. Chilled by the sorrows of this world let us warm each other with the sympathies of our mutual sufferings.

BOTH.

(Both leaning back with half-closed eyes; it has gradually grown dark.) Past, present, future are forgotten! Darkness sinks down, all colors fade, the garden of the universe lies desolate. But within us there are golden flames of light. The air is perfume laden and springtide songs fill earth and sky. We soar above this sad, wicked, frightful life and from clouds wrapt in eternal sunlight look down upon this world. How small it is, how insignificant is human suffering, how worthless is the rest, as long as love is ours. We shout with joy, as our souls press closer and closer still in a wild and chaste embrace, for we possess one another, possess one another as fully as two human beings can possess one another, our beings intermingle, our souls melt into one!

(A draught of wind whirrs some faded leaves across the stage; Theodore shivers; both draw their hands over the face as if awakening from a dream.)

ANTOINETTE.

The spell is broken! We have nothing more to give to each other. Nothing remains to us now but to say farewell! (She rises slowly, throws a last glance of gratitude at him, then turns, takes the white flower and, kissing it, lets it drop as she departs.)

THEODORE.

(Gazes after her, then rises, picks up the flower.) Oh, thou symbol of love that cannot last, emblem of purity and peace, of recollection and the last farewell. (Presses the flower to his lips.) I feel like weeping, I know not whether with joy or pain, for all or for nothing, for something that words can never express. A union of love without events, without profanity, without a single word or kiss! And yet I feel that I have lived more intimately with her than with all those women who have haunted the passions of my youth. I have loved! It is as if I had awakened from a long, refreshing sleep, and as if the phantom of a dream — too beautiful to be true — still lingered in the solitude of my heart. I should not complain. Fate has granted me deeper, truer love than most men will ever fathom. Well it is that we parted so; for this love is now the resurrection of my better self, the talisman of happiness. I now feel strong enough to make the few last staggering steps to the grave, with a peaceful mind. The light of the star, that has risen so late, will be strong enough to radiate the coming darkness.

(The evening star appears in the sky; the curtain slowly drops.)

A FEW SAMPLE POEMS OF THE LITERARY
ANARCHY OF PARIS, 1893.

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville,
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

O bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
O le chant de la pluie.

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'éccœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pour quoi,
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon cœur à tant de peine.

—PAUL VERLAINE

The following are literal translations of two of Jean Moréas' poems:

1
The curlews in the bullrushes!
(Shall I speak to you of them,
Of the curlews in the bull rushes?)
Oh you beautiful watersprite!
The swineherd and his swine!
(Shall I speak to you of them,
Of the swineherd and the swine?)
Oh you beautiful water sprite!
My heart caught in your net!
(Shall I speak to you of it,
Of my heart in your net?)
Oh you beautiful water sprite!

2
Someone has stepped on the flowers on the edge of the road
And the autumnal wind has overmore crumpled them so much,
The stage coach has knocked down the old cross on the edge of the road.
The idiot (you know!) has died on the edge of the road,
And nobody, overmore, will weep over him.

Dans une coupe de Thulé
Où vient pâlir l'attrait de l'heure,
Dort le senile et dolent leurre
De l'ultime rêve adulé.

Mais des cheveux d'argent filé
Font un voile à celle qui pleure
Dans une coupe de Thulé
Où s'est éteint l'attrait de l'heure.

Et l'on ne sait quel jubilé
Célèbre une harpe mineure,
Que le hautain fantôme effleure
D'un lucide doigt fuselé!
Dans une coupe de Thulé.

—CHARLES VIGNIER (*favorite pupil of Verlaine*).

Literal translation:

In a goblet of Thule, where the attraction of the hour has faded, sleeps the hoary and suffering bait of the last, pampered dream. But hair spun of silver makes a veil for the weeping one, in a goblet of Thule where the attraction of the hour is extinguished. And a, I know not what sort of jubilee is celebrated by a minor harp, which the haughty phantom touches with his light pointed finger! In a goblet of Thule.

IMPROMPTU DE CUIVRES ET BASSES.

Vivant! le vent qui passe aux houx des plus grands
deuils.
Sinistrement sillâ les hauts sommets d'orgueils.
et de nos soirs épars il n'est plus qu'un sang
d'homme